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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1902. NUMBER

I hold that nothing is more sure than this: That underlying and overtopping every other necessity of our industrial organization is the necessity, on the part of the employer, of seeing in every workman at his forges or his looms, in his quarries or his mines, not merely so much "labor," and not merely an industrial machine, but a fellow-creature, a human being, a conscious soul, a brother man whom he must not treat with any least indignity or disrespect. Without this vision and this sympathy no legislative ordering of our political economy will bring us much nearer than we are now to the mark of our high calling.

—*JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.*

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UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1902. NUMBER 2

An unpronounceable Welsh town in Carmarthanshire has recently had an interesting ter-centennial celebration in which churchman and nonconformist joined in celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of Vicar Prichard, who wrote many of his Welsh sermons in meter, which collected under the title of "The Welshman's Candle"—*"Canwyll y Cymry."* He is said to be the first to introduce open air preaching, which seemed at that time to savor dangerously of Puritanism; but after three hundred years his "candle" still burns because he stood for simplicity, practical righteousness and corporate progress.

It is encouraging to find a writer in the *Methodist Review* for August pleading for the essential religiousness of John Ruskin's message in an article entitled "The Debt of Christianity to John Ruskin," from which the *Literary Digest* of August 30 makes interesting citation. The writer of this article, Mr. J. F. Bonnell, is professor in Emery College, Oxford, Ga. When the preachers are frank enough to carry their studies along the lines indicated by Professor Bonnell they will begin to understand why the public is growing so indifferent to the gospel of words and so hungry for the gospel of deeds. John Ruskin was a prophet of allied religion, of short-range piety.

Sociology is a word to conjure with today. Very much that falls under that name is merely a temporary patching of the social fabric. It is needed work, but the conditions cry aloud for a more radical remedy. Religion and the church are agencies which are not much in favor just now with social workers. But religion and the church look forward, on long lines to be sure, to the rooting out of the very evils against which the Social Settlement is fighting hardest. The settlement has set the church a practical example that it needs greatly to heed. Religion has too long been regarded as an individual possession rather than a social principle. Yet the settlement cannot afford to despise the church, even in its worst estate. Both are aiming for the regeneration of mankind, a process in which souls as well as bodies, individuals no less than society, must be made over in the divine image.

One thing that the coal strike will surely mean before the winter is over is more work for those who are trying to help the poor in our cities to keep warm and housed from the cold. It is not easy to be patient with the presidents of the coal companies who assure us, with astounding disregard, of the far-reaching effect of their differences with the miners' union, that it is "their business" and not also the public's. Aside from the merits of the strike, of which we may not be able to judge, this indifference of leading citizens to the public welfare, accentuated as it is by their refusal to arbitrate their differences with the men, suggests the question whether a few missionaries of the Jane Addams type, with a gospel of "Democracy and Social Ethics," could not be sent with good effect into the mining regions, not to talk with the employes but to the employers, who seem at the present writing to need such preaching the more.

With the exit of Frank Crane the Chicago papers break out again in another chuckle over the way Chicago supplies the eastern market with preachers, in proof of which they call the long roll of ministers who have been lured to the eastward; the roll that includes such names as Collyer, Herford, Adams, Lorimer, Bristol, Henson and many more. These names represent preachers of power and the east showed their appreciation of the good thing when they secured their services. But their going hither may be evidence of Chicago's stolidity and irresponsive materialism, a flippant confidence in their dollars or a blighting eagerness for more dollars, which made them irresponsive to the appeal of these men when they were with them and indifferent to the reproach implied in their leaving. Ninevah, Babylon, Carthage and Ephesus probably produced some good preachers and probably one after another of such had to go elsewhere in order to get a bearing and the privilege of living.

"The Book of Common Worship," issued by the New York State Conference of Religion and prepared by a committee consisting of Drs. Newton, Slicer and Gottheil, an Episcopalian, Unitarian and Jew, has had such little recognition at home and abroad that we are glad to see it made the object of an editorial note in the *Inquirer,* of London, of recent date. This paper says: "It is one of the books of which there are not too many in the world, that make for unity, peace and concord amongst religious people." It characterizes it further as 'an indirect fruit of the famous Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893." We urge our brethren in the ministry not to be afraid of this book. Whatever its defects may be, and of course they are necessarily numerous, it is neglected and distrusted on account of its excellences. It is the first fruit of a large harvest that is to follow. We commend to many the word of our English contemporary:

It is in the section devoted to "Prayers" that we find the chief interest and profit of the book, and it is here also that most readers, we think, would discover new and unexpected treasures of devotional utterance. The liturgies and breviaries of the ancient and mediæval church have been laid under tribute, and the Jewish liturgy has also yielded a considerable number of prayers. Mingled with these are prayers by individuals, ranging from Gelasius, Augustine and Simplicius to Anselm, Thomas a Kempis, Erasmus and Jeremy Taylor; and by moderns including Pusey, Alford, Rowland Williams, William Bright, Christina Rossetti, Theodore Parker, Dawson, Martineau and Mozoomdar. Of course, the list might have been indefinitely extended; but there is enough here both to stimulate the aspiration of earnest and devout readers and to make manifest the substantial unity of the inner life under all forms of worship and diverse dialects of spiritual expression. We are not concerned now to criticise the volume—there are some slips and reduplications which the editors have no doubt discovered long ago; nor do we

do more in this way than suggest that the collection might have been further enriched had the literature of English Nonconformity been more diligently scanned. What we chiefly desire is, after much grateful use of the book for ourselves, to commend it to the notice of some who might otherwise miss it.

We offer no apologies to our readers for oft recurring to the high-handed iniquity of those capitalists who defy public interest by stubbornly refusing to submit their cause to the arbitrament of an honorable expert jury. Our neighbor, *The Reform Advocate*, in a ringing editorial says:

"The press has at last listened to the declaration that the rights of the public cannot be ignored, and as the great coal operators display utter unconcern of these rights, means must be found to bring them to an understanding of their duties to the 'people.'" * * *

An industrial dispute cannot be reduced to a simple conflict between two parties. Under our prevailing social system which has specialized men to such an extent that their independence has become absolutely illusory, has resulted in their interdependence in so complex a manner that the snapping of one thread at any one point of the intricate scheme of lines that cross and recross is attended with the most serious consequences for even the most remote factors. In the case of the strike in the coal-regions, the illustration of the operation of this law of interdependence is certainly so forcible as to baffle every attempt to minimize its significance. Coal is the one great and indispensable requirement which enters into every one of our commercial and industrial enterprises. It is our "daily bread." With it entombed, unlifted in the bowels of the earth, there is prospect of stoppage of every wheel in even this large and rich country of ours. It is this aspect of the situation that has aroused the "moulders of our opinions," the great dailies, as a rule so conservative, to inquire somewhat more earnestly into the basis of capitalistic conceits. It is this symptom which the believer in the triumph of ethical principles in the domain of economics may welcome as a compensation for all the misery and inhumanity which have shadowed the bitter conflict waged around the coal mines of Pennsylvania. The better light is certainly about to dawn. A great and vital truth is about to be seen by many as it has been for many decades by a few men of more penetrating insight and clearer vision.

What will be the practical outcome, unless the coal barons come to their senses? Are they not protected by the law? Is it not one of the most sacred rights guaranteed by our constitution to every man to control his own property? Upon these assumptions, indeed, we have been building our social institutions these many decades. But we are on the verge of discovering that our definitions of property are too loose. Coal is a gift of nature. It is sunlight stored away by Providence. None of the operators has produced the "black diamond." He cannot bar men from having access to these fields in which treasures lie hidden, which man today requires at every turn of every wheel. He cannot keep continents apart; for if coal mine "owners" and syndicates may by refusing to operate their mines stop every factory, they may also draw the fires from under every boiler in every steamer that would cross the ocean. To say the blame is upon the miners, is to utter another half-truth. Under our industrial scheme men cannot at will change their specialty. Once a miner, one is compelled always to remain a miner. Therefore the right to be employed at living wages and under conditions warranting steady work is—from the ethical point of view—an inalienable right, co-responding to the other right so often invoked, that to own and control one's property. If capital may combine, shall labor not be entitled to combine on its part? Capital—which is labor stored for future use—always is in a position to dictate the terms of the contract, unless labor through organization equalizes to a certain extent the relative level of the parties—capital and labor—to the contract. These are elementary truths, but they are of far-reaching importance. They cannot be disputed on ethical grounds. They have a higher warrant than expediency.

It is strange that it is left for the secular papers, if our study of our exchanges be correct, to make the most prompt, vigorous and religious protest against the complacent assumption of President Baer, of the Reading Railroad, that "God in his infinite wisdom has given the control of the corporate interests of the country" into the hands of certain "Christian men to control the same *in the interest of the country and the workingmen.*" (The italics are ours.) The *Literary Digest* has compiled the comments of some of the leading secular papers upon this latest claim of divine favoritism. The *New York Times* says it "verges very close upon unconscious blasphemy." The *New York American* speaks of "the pious pirate as no new thing." The *New York Tribune* speaks of this "hard headed financier setting up as a doctrine of the business world the predestination of the Pennsylvania coal mines to the all wise control of President Baer and his fellow presidents of coal companies." We need not quote further. The reading public must have noticed how silent the pulpit and the religious press have been concerning this high-handed arrogance of the "operators" in the face of the petitioning millions, which include not only the hard-handed miners who have put their lives into the hands of these operators, numbered by the hundred thousands, but their weeping wives and starving children. The right minded educators of our schools and colleges, the ministers of religion who have allowed themselves to neglect their sectarian and denominational concerns long enough to consider the need of the public, the far-seeing legislators and administrators of public interest, from the President down, have all plead with these "operators" that they should simply trust their interest to a court of experts, in the organizing of which they themselves would have their rightful voice. Their denial of this request can rest only upon the final assumption of the divine right of coal-grabbers to do as they please with the slowly created products of the carboniferous era—the coal that was formed before man was, was created for these few who by the methods of grab or fierce competition have come into possession of the same. The assumption is impious, but the conduct resting on this assumption is dastardly. The selfishness displayed is excelled only by the cowardice involved.

The Reformer's Courage.

Is it not a vice—or perhaps it would be kinder to say a natural infirmity—of most reformers, that after they have long borne the weight of the harness a certain depression comes to spread itself over their views of the world? They feel, and say, that some subtle evil is creeping into things, with which they cannot cope. They begin to look, not for the best but for the worst to happen in a given emergency. They still profess to believe in God, but there is a sad consciousness as though he had lost his grip on humanity. The doctrine of total depravity comes to play a large, albeit unconscious, part in their judgments of men. Their sun of life appears about to set in a bank of clouds. They are feeling the natural weariness which follows the burden and heat of the day.

This is perhaps the defect of a quality that can hardly be spared from the world. "Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off." Nevertheless, it is a mood of mind profoundly to be distrusted. Only the easy-going and shallow optimism that sees no wrong anywhere is worse. Yet there is an optimism of splendid courage when the difficulties press thickest that is nearest to ultimate sanity. This old world has seen some rough work since it began cooling from a nebula; but the Power within has always

had the end in sight. The waves and billows of savage warfare that rolled over ancient Israel swept away many a prophet of evil as well as many who foretold a glory that the nation, as such, never reached. But when the reformer and the time-saver had alike passed out of view, the ideals of the prophet were caught up by generations whom his wildest hopes could not foresee. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small." The attitude for the worker with God is one of undaunted confidence. To doubt the ultimate is to confess, so far as you are concerned, that the day is lost. But what creates the doubt is only your own selfishness in wanting to be in at the victory. Another controls the day and hour for that. True courage always helps you to partake of the final success. "For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave." This line of Browning is a good motto to hang up in front of the desk or work-bench, wherever your toil may be. The world is tired of the reformer whose courage is that of despair. It is ever eager for the cheery voice that calls out of the thickest of the fight, "Forward!" R. W. B.

Do Animals, Birds and Insects Have Souls?

A full and literal definition of soul would be that invisible, mysterious, something called mind. As understood in general terms and in theological phrase, immortal. The assumption is that soul and mind are one, identical. The chief function of mind is memory; recalling former thoughts, places, things. When the memory fails the mind is a blank. If it can be demonstrated that animals, birds, and insects have minds, exercise memory, who will say they have not souls also?

I am aware that there are those who claim that animals know, discern, by what is called instinct. I will answer (and such is not an assumption or theory) that mind and instinct are practically one, which is palpable in itself.

On page 319, UNITY, July 17, is told how a horse by his innate impulsive sagacity, showing forethought and also afterthought, saved the lives of two children. Instances of dogs saving drowning persons are too frequent to specify. And what tender affection is manifest, as it is known dogs have followed the sad and solemn cortege of burial of their masters and refused to return. They have remained, starved, and died of broken hearts; could anything be more pathetic? Dogs are endowed with intellect and affection in larger degree than most other animals, which can be accounted for in this way, being the constant friend and companion of man. And if there is no heaven for such there ought to be.

"Lo, the poor Indian—
Thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company,"

says Pope.

On the opposite page is a beautiful story of two orioles, and we may begin there. The singing of the so-called "Bird Song" by Jenny Lind, imitating the birds, called out the greatest enthusiasm and applause. Go out on a June morning in your orchard, if you have one; there perched on the highest twig will be found Mr. Oriole, robed not in purple, but in brilliant golden plumage. And listen as he pours out his soul in most transcendent song. The melody of its notes rival those of the flute. Note the consummate art and skill manifest in that hanging nest. Not far away may be seen and heard that frisky and proud Mr. Bobolink, swinging in utmost glee back and forth from the topmost bough of an adjacent tree, straining neck and throat in a vain endeavor to outdo his more favored neighbor and rival. "O Kank, O Kank, Oka-link, link lank, lank link," a most curious medley, but full in tone and abounding in melody.

Then Robin-red-breast, with scores of other songsters, join in the grand chant—superb, grand, surpassing in beauty the chant of the Magnificat. It's nature's melody and all free in nature's temple, the earth beneath and the heavens above.

"The daily labors of the bee,
Awake my soul to industry,"

says Gay. Where can be found a master mechanic who can built with such mathematical skill, asking no one for material, knows just where to find it, and when his house is finished knows where to find the sweets he stores up for future use, as this same bee? Being by nature endowed with memory, the only attribute of mind recognizable, he can make long journeys and return; can think, reason and reflect. It may safely and truly be said it has a soul.

Zoologists tell how those working ants who live in colonies, build forts, houses and temples, which in architectural design and completeness of detail outrival the pyramids, or the more elaborate Grecian temples and modern structures; and in their employ have not only architects, but masons, carpenters, and slaves to do their work. It will never do to say all is done by instinct. It needed mind, memory, and that disciplined by observation and practice. And if these do not constitute and make a soul there is none.

JOHN VAN DENBURG.

Milwaukee, Wis.

A Small Engineer.

The smallest creature that God has made is interesting if we know how to study its habits. Some engineers discovered a wasp dragging a dead spider along through the grass. It was most difficult, for the spider was so much larger than the wasp. After it had dragged the spider some distance, it left it on the ground. One of the men said, "It has lost its way, and is trying to find its home." In moving about one of the men had stepped on the wasp's ground hole, covering it with three or four blades of grass, which obstructed the way to it. The wasp nipped and nipped until he had cut them, and then he pushed them aside. He now went back to where he had left the spider, and walked around it. "He is measuring it, to see how much larger he must make the hole," said one of the men. He was right. The wasp went back and worked until he had made the hole much larger. Then he brought the spider close to it. He discovered that the hole was still too small, and enlarged it again, nipping earth and grass until the hole was large enough; then, suddenly and hurriedly, he dragged the spider to the edge of the hole and disappeared into it, dragging his prey after him.

If only we would wait and watch patiently, we should soon learn that every insect, every animal, that God has made is worthy of our protection and interest.—*The Outlook.*

"Action will remove the doubt which theory cannot solve!"

Mr. Pearson Justifies His Attitude in "The Carpenter Prophet."

Reprinted from the *New York Times* of August 2, 1902.

I have not hitherto printed one word in reply to any of the numerous critiques upon "The Carpenter Prophet," but I am tempted to correct two minor errors in your own very fair and able review, and at the same time say wherein I agree with or dissent from the general tenor of opinion in regard to the book.

As to the errors in your own article. You say, "In one respect the book is criminally bad. It did not, perhaps, require an index, but to the twenty-nine chapters there is not even a table of contents. In reply, I assure you that in all copies of the book that I have seen the table of contents is in the usual place, between the title page and the preface, and must have been overlooked in your reviewer's haste. I may add that at considerable pains I prepared an elaborate index, but the ideal must often yield to the practical, and, with a sigh, I omitted it and much else at the request of the publishers.

The other mistake in your article is in supposing that I have been a Professor of Theology, and in consequence subjecting me to a somewhat unfair comparison with Drs. Briggs, Gilbert and McGiffort. My father was a Methodist preacher, and I early felt a "call" to follow in his footsteps. I was ordained twenty-six years ago, and preached for about half a year, but soon began to feel that much that I was expected to say I could not say with a good conscience, and that much that I felt constrained to say would not be acceptable to a Methodist congregation or to the church authorities. Accordingly, I resigned my charge, preferring, like John Milton, "a blameless silence to the sacred [illegible] of speaking bought with servitude and false swearing."

Following my next aptitude and passion, I became a Professor of English Literature, without, however, abandoning my interest in theological questions. For one with my heredity and training the work of theological reconstruction was slow and painful. I read Strauss and Renan, Clodd and Freeman Clarke, and then turned again to Farrar and Geikie and Stalker, and so kept on balancing heterodox and orthodox opinions.

All the time, however, the strong though subtle influence of the great poets and great prose writers was affecting me far more than the authority or the reasoning of the professional theologians. It grew at last perfectly clear in my own mind that the whole Bible is a human literature, differing from the masterpieces of English genius only as the writings of an Asiatic people might be expected to differ from the writings of Europeans and Americans, and as the writings of an earlier might be supposed to differ from those of a later age.

It was, therefore, no surprise to me whatever, when I read in the Encyclopaedia Britannica in reference to the Gospel of John: "A work of this character, notwithstanding the presence of historical elements, seems rather to deserve to be called a poem or a drama than a biography." It had gradually become evident to me that all the Gospels are dramatized history, almost as much so as the mediaeval miracle plays, or "Paradise Lost," or "Pilgrim's Progress," or Shakespeare's "Henry the Fourth," or Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

It seemed to me, moreover, as I say in my preface, that "all the superhuman powers attributed to Jesus * * * are untrue, and, if they are untrue, it follows as a matter of course that they are hurtful." Your review comments on this utterance as follows: "A good many will have their doubts about the 'matter of course.'" Now, I have no more doubt of the value of the faculty of imagination to a man than of the value of wings to a bird. Aristotle long ago said that "fiction is truer than history." It is, indeed, a mere commonplace of literary criticism that generalized truth has great advantages over strict historic accuracy. A play of Shakespeare or a novel of Scott will give you the spirit of an epoch far better than the tiresomely minute history of the learned and laborious Dr. Stumper.

Nothing is further from my thought than the undervaluation of fiction as a means of instruction and inspiration. A great novel recognized as a novel, a great drama known to be a drama, are, like other great works of art, of inestimable worth. But, in my judgment, any one who mistakes fiction for history is the loser by his error, and any one who deliberately originates or perpetuates the belief that fiction is history is guilty of a "pious fraud," an act in which the fraud is far more apparent than the piety. Such men deserve the apostle's just condemnation of those who do evil that good may come. Good never does come out of doing evil. Good produces good, and evil produces evil. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

I desire that my work may stand or fall when judged by the proposition that truth is the essential and only basis, not merely of science, but of art, of morality, and of religion. With those who think that religion rests upon ignorance and that the way to make and keep men religious is to hide from them the demonstrations of science and to conceal the distinction between poetic truth and historic fact, I have no common ground whatever. I utterly abhor and detest their position, for it seems to me of all forms of infidelity the deepest and saddest. True religious faith is the belief that the more fully and accurately we know truth of every kind the more reason we shall have to admire the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God.

The "unco guid" and the rigidly orthodox sometimes support their view of the exclusive inspiration of the Bible by asking what other productions are at all comparable. I should like to select a volume of such extracts from English literature, and among the first to be chosen would be Lord Bacon's magnificent essay upon "Truth," in which he rightly describes it as "the sovereign good of human nature."

Jesus said, "The truth shall make you free." The desire to know and the willingness to obey the truth are to me the supreme test of character, and from that point of view my book was written. It is my sincere belief that the root evil from which we are suffering to-day is the powerlessness of the pulpit to rebuke materialism, with its natural train of greed, dishonesty, and political and social corruption, and to present with their proper force and beauty the great spiritual ideals of Jesus. The orthodox pulpit today has no clear, definite, emphatic message, and its inefficiency is due to a lack of knowledge or a lack of frankness in distinguishing between fiction and history, between the "letter that killeth and the spirit that giveth life." "The Word of God is made of none effect by their traditions."

Religion is the basis and mainspring of morality, and my book was written with the purpose of helping to free religion from the theological corpse, the "body of death," which it is wearily dragging about and which makes it stink in the nostrils of so large a part of every community.

As to my critical apparatus, I offer no protest against your description of it as "crude and simple," but I am not ready to admit that it is as capricious as your statement that "he accepts whatever takes his fancy" would imply. Your illustration of my arbitrary acceptance of any legend that pleases me is that, while rejecting the angel's announcement to Mary and the immaculate conception, I yet consider her the author of the Magnificat,

although it appears to be a paraphrase of the song of Hannah, the wife of Elkanah and mother of Samuel.

Perhaps I may have been unconsciously biased by the beauty of the story, and I am willing to admit that Mary's authorship cannot be indisputably proved, but now that my attention has been called to the question by your challenge, I still assert that there is no intrinsic improbability whatever in supposing that Mary had poetic taste, that she was familiar with Hannah's song, and that she modeled one of her own upon it. My whole argument is that Jesus was a man, and that, like other men, He got all His characteristics from His heredity and training. Jesus was a poet of the highest order, and to suppose that there was poetic faculty in His mother is in accord with all that we know of biography. Galton's book on heredity shows, what, indeed, any one can see for himself, that genius is a family, and not a purely personal matter. In the case of great geniuses the quality is, of course, less conspicuous in the parents, but it must be there, or it cannot be transmitted. The parents of Burns, Ruskin, Tennyson, Lowell, Emerson, and, in fact of every poet whose ancestry is well known illustrate this law. They all showed poetic taste and sensibility. The cradle songs of Mrs. Burns, the ballads of Mrs. Lowell, the passion for all good literature of Mrs. Ruskin, were, so to speak, the root from which "the bright consummate flower" of their sons' genius sprung.

My method of treating the Gospels, though simple, is not arbitrary. I retained everything I thought credible and added nothing that did not seem to me to be certainly implied in the accepted narrative. We do not require to see a man eat before we believe that his life is sustained by food. When we see an effect we are justified in assuming the only adequate cause.

Other critics have complained that there was little formal logic or statement of authorities and sources in "The Carpenter Prophet." From some of these critics, however, these complaints seem to me to come with a bad grace. They remind me of the words of Jesus: "Whereunto shall I liken this generation. It is like unto children sitting in the markets and calling unto their fellows and saying, We have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented."

For nearly a hundred years books of minute and exhaustive criticism of the Gospels have been appearing, and it seems to me to be pretty nearly the height of impudence for any one to defend "orthodoxy" by pleading for more logic, more authorities, and more sources. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." If Ewald and Baur and Strauss and Harnack and Pfleiderer and Kuenen and all the rest of the foreign scholars and the multitude of English and American critics who have imitated their methods and strengthened their conclusions, if these men have not made the orthodox views of inspiration, of miracles, and of the life and person of Jesus untenable, what amount of textual criticism, of comparison of passages, of citation of authorities, will ever do so?

I at least considered that that sort of heavy pioneer work had been abundantly and most admirably done. I have made no audacious attempt to rival trained theologians and lifelong specialists in their own fields. My humble purpose was simply to build upon their solid foundations. Just as the labors of Niebuhr and Arnold, of Merivale, Mommsen, and Ihne, changed men's views of early Roman history and showed that the stories of Romulus and the wolf and much else that was formerly thought to be fact, are only poetic fables, so I take it that by far the most important practical result of Biblical criticism has been to establish the existence of a legendary element in the Pentateuch and the Gospels and the unqualified humanity of Jesus Christ.

Believing that these conclusions had been scientifically established and that they were the best, and, indeed, the only, possible basis for the renewed and vital application of religion to modern life, I have simply tried to popularize them. I considered that the wants of professional students of theology had been met, and I wrote for busy people who cannot, and for young people who will not, read the abstruse and technical arguments, the dry and ponderous volumes, of the theologians. I therefore tried to make my book as readable as possible, to "lay aside every weight," and to keep out of sight all offensive machinery.

I cordially agree with the following sentence in your article: "Nothing in connection with his book is more interesting than the illustration it affords of those processes whereby the Gospels arrived at their present form." That hits the truth exactly. Mine is a didactic book in a historic framework. The writer of the so-called Gospel of John plainly indicates a similar didactic method and purpose in saying "these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." The first Gospels were all so written.

But points of view change, or, as Paul expresses it, "knowledge shall vanish away." The world of angels and devils and miracles, like the world of fairies and witches and magic, has gone forever, and the real facts of the life of Jesus are obscured to many by their connection with an outgrown mythology and a veil of poetic legend. The Gospel needed to be rewritten in terms of twentieth century thought. I have simply tried to make the life of Jesus seem a real and a beautiful life to people who can see no reality or beauty in the demi-god of orthodoxy, and it is to me a supreme satisfaction that not a few of my critics and readers have said that I have succeeded in so doing.

CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON.

Evanston, Ill., July 28, 1902.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."
Only grant my soul may carry high through death her cup unspilled,
Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's loss drop by drop distilled,
I shall boast it mine—the balsam, bless each kindly wrench that wrung
From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the root whence pleasure sprung,
Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and bruised the berry, left all grace
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir in its place!"
"a thing nor God nor beast,
Made to know that he can know, and not more:
Lower than God who knows all and can all,
Higher than beasts which know and can so far
As each beast's limit, perfect to an end,
Nor conscious that they know, nor craving more;
While man knows partly but conceives beside,
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
And in this striving, this converting air
Into a solid he may grasp and use,
Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's and not the beasts'; God is, they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

—*A Death in the Desert.*

A Mathematical Problem.

The boy that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction;
Who multiplies the thing he knows,
And carries every fraction;
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportions giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.

—*Dr. Ray Palmer, in N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Yussouf Ben Adhem.

All things Ben Adhem had that fortune lends;
Health, reputation, children, troops of friends,
Work that he loved and leisure when he would;
No lurking enemy his steps pursued,
No memory of past ill-deeds oppressed,
No fears for his to-morrow filled his breast,
And yet Ben Adhem was not wholly blest.

He had compassion on his fellow men;
The pang another felt pierced him again;
Where'er he saw the weak hurt by the strong,
It was as though himself endured the wrong;
Where'er the wicked triumphed by deceit,
He felt himself the anguish of defeat;
He bore the burdens of the honest poor,
And moaned for all the woes the sick endure;
Knowledge by him was held so high a prize,
That still he grieved that all men were not wise;
He almost wished himself accursed, if he
Could thus remove his fellow's misery.

Full of this righteous mood he sought his bed,
And on the pillow pressed his aching head;
Sleepless long hours he tossed beneath his care,
And oft his lips breathed forth the ardent prayer,
"Lord, teach me how to help my fellow-men;
They suffer, and I cannot ease their pain;
The world is full of misery and strife,
Help me to bring it to a nobler life."

At length Ben Adhem slept and while he dreamed,
Uplifted to angelic heights he seemed;
For a brief hour he had a clearer view,
And saw all Love Omnipotent could do
Already done to bring his suffering race
To full perfection and the highest place.
His soul exulted in the perfect plan
He saw revealed to bless his fellow man;
The progress that till now had seemed so slow
Appeared as swift as winged Time could go;
The path that had so devious seemed of late
Was to his opened eyes now plain and straight.
Each pleasure was a kindly beckoning hand,
Each pain a firm, beneficent command;
Darkness and doubt were birth-throes of the mind,
And death itself as higher life designed.

Then he awoke. His soul which had been free
From the gross vesture of mortality,
Which for an hour had passed beyond the vail,
Came back to fleshly tabernacle frail;
The heavenly glory faded from his sight
As die cloud-splendors on a summer night.
In place of the grand symmetry, again
Appeared the old confusion, travail, pain,
Instead of perfect harmony there rose
The old, harsh discords of man's many woes.

But evermore through Yussouf's chastened soul
Some currents of that stream of glory roll;
And all his life in deep humility,
As those who far more holy were than he,
He looked on child-like souls whose simple trust
Had never dreamed of doubting God was just;
Who had not in presumptuous blasphemy
One moment thought their human sympathy
As true and tender as the perfect love,
Strong as omnipotence, of God above;
Who, though they had not seen, yet had believed,
And thus the chief beatitude received.

CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON.

THE PULPIT.

More Earnest Work for the World's Peace.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE MOHONK ARBITRATION CONFERENCE, MAY 29, 1902, BY EDWIN D. MEAD, OF BOSTON.

Mohonk is the "Mayflower" of the arbitration movement here in America. Those of us who have been privileged to be invited here year after year find in the beauty of the place very much that matches the beautiful name "Mayflower." But the ship so beautifully named, which brought our stern fathers to the New England coast, brought only—and we are glad of it—a company of saints. Now it is only a company of saints, of the converted, who come here to Mohonk—who are gathered in this "Mayflower." The great necessity of this movement in which we are interested is that its power should be brought more directly to the unconverted. It is a good thing to have prayer-meetings; those of us who indulge in them or avail ourselves of them get strengthened by them to go out and bring ourselves to bear better upon the unconverted. But it seems to me that we need—and that this is one of the most imperative things in our propaganda at this juncture—that we need to have Mohonk Conferences in the midst of the unconverted. I wish that a movement might be started in this place to bring about an effort in that direction. I wish that those of us, for instance, who live in Boston—and, indeed, with Dr. Trueblood and others in our midst, we have been more blessed in Boston perhaps than people in other cities—I wish that all of us from Boston might go home resolved that every year there shall be a Mohonk Confernce in Boston; and that you from New York and Philadelphia and Baltimore and Chicago might go home with the same resolve. It is in the great cities that meetings of this kind need to be held. The great cities are the places where meetings are well reported, where there is newspaper discussion, where there are large constituencies, where influences radiate; and in such international conventions in our great cities seeds would be sown that would spring up in a hundred smaller places.

I have, as our chairman has said, been in Europe this last year, looking up the machinery and the general condition of the peace movement; and I am convinced that there is no movement on earth of anything like equal importance which is so poorly provided for, so inefficiently administered, or kept so inadequately before the eyes of the people. I am glad to say that our American Peace Society has the most prominent and the best equipped office of any in the world; but this society is not half well enough endowed, it has not by any means the equipment it ought to have, and its rooms are not half prominent enough. There ought to be in every city of this land, upon one of its broadest ways, some headquarters where peace literature and the peace movement should be kept prominently under the eyes of the people. I greatly admire the worldly wisdom of my Christian Science brethren in Boston. They took a large store on one of our leading thoroughfares a while ago; they fixed up the windows in handsome shape, they put flowers there, they printed "Christian Science Reading Room" in large gold letters on the window, they made it in every way attractive, hospitable and conspicuous; and hundreds of people drop into that room to read the books and tracts spread on the tables and to buy them and carry them home. In most of the cities of Europe which I visited —it is so everywhere, in fact, outside of London—one has to hunt painfully and long for some little office in some out-of-the-way part of the city to find that there is such a thing as a peace propaganda being carried on there at all. Is the case any better in New York?

Is it any better in Chicago, or San Francisco? I suspect it is worse. Now all that ought to be changed. There ought to be enough worldly wisdom among the business men and the educational men in a convention like this to change all this so far as America is concerned, and to change it now.

The Peace Society here in America—I have spoken of its admirable office in Boston, you all know its splendid newspaper; but the money available for its work is ridiculously small. It accuses every one of us that it is too small; that Dr. Trueblood and those working with him in Boston do not have half money enough year by year to do the little that is all they can do when so much needs to be done. It accuses every one of us if the organ of the Peace Society here in America is not in his family; it accuses us that the machinery of this work in America is not made adequate and is not properly and generously supported.

The literature of the peace movement is large and is magnificent, but almost all of it is unavailable in cheap and attractive form. You find the orations of Sumner in the great volumes; you find "The True Grandeur of Nations" in a small edition; and there are the various tracts which we all recognize the value of, and which I hope most of us help to circulate; but much of the best of the peace literature is really not available at all to the general public. I am glad to say that one of our Boston publishers—and I want to name him, Mr. Edward Ginn, because such a man is to be praised—is at this moment undertaking the publication of a great deal of this peace literature in cheap and available form. He has brought out this very week in a handsome volume sold for fifty cents—heretofore it has cost two dollars—Bloch's invaluable work on "The Future of War." He is to bring out in pamphlet form Sumner's three peace orations, Bushnell's "Growth of Law," and pamphlets by Bloch, Lawrence, Novikow and others. I do not doubt that gradually he will bring out a hundred pamphlets; and so this particular desideratum will in great measure be met. Much must be done to bring this literature when it is available into the hands of the clergymen of this country, into the newspaper offices, into the public libraries, and into every center where public opinion is formed. You and I can co-operate here; and it is a commanding duty.

Charles Sumner in his will left a sum of money to Harvard University, the interest of which was to be given every year for a prize for the best essay upon means of settling international disputes in a more rational way than by war. Numbers of the best young men at Harvard have in these years competed for that prize, so that there is a very considerable number of Harvard graduates who have had their minds seriously drawn to that subject. The young man who took the prize last year, writing an essay which ought to have been printed in the Boston newspapers or in the magazines, was a conspicuous member of the Law School. Now there ought to be established a similar prize in every college and every university in this country. Where is the rich man who will provide for this in every one of our colleges, naming the prizes everywhere the Sumner prizes, in honor of our great American prophet of peace? There ought to be great bodies of young men growing up fixing their attention upon this subject; and as their numbers become large, they should be gathered into a society devoted to the cause, with its yearly conventions. Miss Thomas, among the many splendid things that she uttered last night, said nothing that seemed to me more important than this, that not half enough is done to bring this matter of international peace and order to the attention of the young women in college; and the same thing is true of the young men in college. A vast deal needs to be done in this way; and this is but one of the many ways of which I should like to speak.

The fact is, we peace people have been very shabby, we have been very parsimonious, in supporting and pushing our cause. I am glad to be told that the subscriptions to our American Peace Society have been better this last year than ever before; but when the most is said, it is, I say, a shabby and parsimonious exhibition. There is enough power, there is enough influence, represented in a body like this to put the peace movement upon a respectable financial basis in this country—where it does not stand today, and where it ought to stand.

I like to remember that one of the dearest friends of Charles Sumner was the poet Longfellow. Charles Sumner once said that the greatest service which the Springfield arsenal ever did to America was to inspire Longfellow's poem upon the folly and shame of all arsenals. You remember, some of you, some of the closing lines of the poem:

> "Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals and forts."

Why are we spending our thousands and millions upon our arsenals and forts and gunboats and great engines of destruction? It is because we have not spent our hundreds and thousands with a decent generosity upon the spread among the people of such ideas as would make the wars which we lament impossible. Money has got to be spent for these things. We have got to have not only fuller newspaper attention, but lecture bureaus and all those agencies which every cause that is making an impression upon the public employs. I am glad that our friend, Mr. Perris, the editor of the English paper *Concord,* is coming over to America next autumn to lecture. See to it, friends, that good hearings are provided for him in all your cities. I hope that more and more such men will come to our country on such errands, and that we can send Dr. Trueblood to England—and to France and Germany, for that matter, because he seems to be at home in pretty much all languages; that we can have this interchange of lectures, bringing international thought into free communication and free influence all over the world.

More has got to be done in our libraries to reach the young people. I was pleased making a study recently of the life and work of William Ladd, the early hero of the peace cause in America, the founder of our American Peace Society, to know that much of his literary activity was devoted to the young. Those three or four little books which he wrote to promote intelligent attention to the peace cause among the young are now out of print and are forgotten; but the fact that they were written is a witness to that noble man's sagacity. Let some of us follow his example.

The religious and educational conventions have not given any adequate or considerable attention to this great cause. I go back to Boston to be there on Saturday, at the annual convention of the Free Religious Association, and I am glad to say that that convention is to devote its entire day to this cause. The religious conventions and the educational gatherings of many kinds should make this a feature of their work more and more. I am glad to say that the Greenacre summer school is to devote its two months' session this summer very largely to this cause.

A suggestive and pregnant thing was said to me yesterday by our good friend, Professor Bracq. It happened that when Professor Bracq wanted a few years ago to get a farm, he was sensible enough to come over into Cheshire county in New Hampshire, where I was born, near to Keene. Professor Bracq said, "If you and Mrs. Mead will help me, we will get Dr. Hale, and we will stir up the local clergy, and we will have a Mohonk Conference in Keene." We pro-

pose to do that very thing; and I believe that in many cases in our summer life such conferences could be arranged. I commend the thought to you as you go into your summer quarters.

The churches of America and England must be born again as concerns this matter of the world's peace. Half of them seem absolutely to forget that the very title of their founder is the Prince of Peace; and no sooner does the jingo politician beat the drum than some parson blows the fife, generally the first response. It is melancholy—the failure of the Christian Church to do its part to promote the brotherhood and order of the world. Now is the time to change all this. Now is the time for the women of the land to work as they have never worked before for a cause which should appeal like nothing else to every woman's heart. If our women and our churches should once highly resolve that war among civilized peoples should cease, it would cease. In Dr. Hale's church in Boston, the Women's Alliance is to devote its studies all next winter to this subject; and Dr. Hale has been trying to persuade all the Women's Alliances in the Unitarian churches of Massachusetts to do the same. The Women's Equal Suffrage Association in Boston has a special committee on peace and arbitration, which is doing a special educational work. We do not forget how much good work in this field is being done by many of the women's clubs of the country; but I submit that the women of the country are not yet half alive to its importance or to the possibilities of their own influence in its behalf.

Our various reform clubs need to give international interests far greater prominence than they are wont to do. A year ago, a thoughtful Englishman, addressing our Twentieth Century Club in Boston, remarked that he had noted that the club had a civics department and art and education departments, but he found no international department; and it seemed to him that every such club of progressive workers today should have an international department. It seems so to us too. We thanked him for the rebuke—or the prompting, and we straightway organized an international department, which we mean to make one of the most active agencies of the club.

The schools must be captured for peace. I am glad to say that in Boston, in connection with our Old South work, which is chiefly for getting at the young people of the schools, but which takes in the teachers, our last winter's course for teachers was devoted to the subject of "Men Who Have Worked to Organize the World," and I think it proved a most interesting subject for the teachers who gathered to listen to the lectures. That is the sort of thing that can more and more be done for the teachers and the schools; and when there are at the head of the state educational machinery men like Mr. Skinner, who spoke here last night, we are sure that there is a force available which can do much to inspire proper sentiment as to what true patriotism and true history are.

This whole matter of the teaching of what true patriotism is and what it is not has been neglected, to the great prejudice of our education and the prejudice of our public opinion. It is pitiful, the things that are being circulated today in the schools of my own State of Massachusetts in the name of patriotism—things, however, that I trust will in due time be thoroughly exposed.

There is no subject on which our people are more at sea than on this of patriotism. I saw the other day a picture which was one of the most mournful I ever saw, but one of the most natural—mournful precisely because so natural. It was a picture which bore the title, "A Lesson in Patriotism"—and the picture was of an old man in his shirt-sleeves showing a boy a gun. Now I say that was the most natural picture in the world and the most natural title; but it is the precise measure of our civilization—or of our barbarism. The fact is that the general public has got no further yet in this whole question of patriotism than that the gun is the natural symbol of it. All honor to the gun when it is used in its place—I am not the kind of man to apologize for Lexington or Bunker Hill; but so long as the boys and girls of this country grow up with the notion that the gun and the soldier are the only proper symbols of patriotism, then we are yet, I say, in the age of barbarism.

We read that Congress in a great "wave of patriotism" appropriated fifty million dollars for forts and so forth. We read of no "wave of patriotism" when money is appropriated for improving the country. Patriotism is stirred by the names of Miles or Dewey or Sampson—and that is right, for patriots they are; but we need to know that Jane Addams at Hull House, that Eliot making men at Harvard or Tucker at Dartmouth, that John Fiske writing history, that Mayor Low giving New York a good city government, that Edward Everett Hale preaching his sermons, are also patriots, and on a vastly higher level and using vastly better tools. Up to date, I say—and it is the measure of our degradation—the gun is still the natural symbol of our patriotism; but it is for us to change that, and make betters symbols more natural.

I was exceedingly glad of that courteous rebuke which Professor Bracq gave us yesterday. There is a strong notion abroad in this country and England that the Anglo-Saxon is a sort of modern Israel that has the right to sweep the Amalekites and the Hivites and the sundry Canaanites out of the world when they block its way, but that when the Frenchman or the Spaniard is up to cruelties it is barbarism. It is imperative that we should be shamed out of this racial prejudice which is instrumental in so much evil to the world. The Chinese have called themselves for centuries the "Celestials," God's own peculiar people; the Jews did it; and you may remember how Dante labored to prove the Roman people the chosen people. Now when people have a notion that they have a divine commission to do right and render service it is a good thing; but when they think that they have a divine commission for iniquity, then it is well that other people, perhaps more modest in their claims, should call them to account.

We want to educate public opinion at this moment —I wish that Dr. Hale were here to say it, but he charged some of us to say it for him as well as we could—we want to educate public opinion to appreciate more deeply what the importance of the Hague tribunal is, what the importance of the recent Pan-American congress is, of which we have heard all too little. Every one of us in his place, as an agent for creating public opinion, and as a good American citizen, must do his part to make these things effective. They are the epoch-making things in our movement.

One thing more. Dr. Hale came here year after year to talk about a permanent tribunal—and we have seen it established; but the main things we want to undertake now are the great constructive measures which shall make collisions between nations impossible, or make them unlikely, so that there will ever be little to go to the tribunal. As Dr. Hale has said here year after year, "A Permanent Tribunal!" I hope that Dr. Trueblood will come year after year and say again what he said yesterday—and no matter what else is said in this meeting, that will remain, in my opinion, the most important thing, "A Congress of Nations!" A commission to settle the boundaries of nations is needed; but a score of important matters call likewise for international legislative action. Henry of Navarre saw that important thing three centuries ago; William Penn emphasized it; and we need to emphasize

that the unity of the world must be sooner or later a legislative and not merely a judicial unity. It is by the policy which shall remove boundary disputes and other disputes, and which shall help men to deal constructively with these international questions, that the peace of the world which we work for will come; and to that constructive programme let us dedicate ourselves anew this year.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Matthew Arnold.*

The volumes of the new series of "English Men of Letters" have come so far in quick succession. "Matthew Arnold" is from a hand with which we are much less familiar than that of Sir Leslie Stephen and Mr. Augustine Birrell, the writers of the two previous numbers, "George Eliot" and "William Hazlitt." But though Mr. Herbert W. Paul is comparatively new to us, his selection for this task by Mr. John Morley, the editor of the series, was doubtless made with full knowledge of his general capabilities, though it may be permitted us to doubt whether his satisfaction in Mr. Paul's accomplishment is equal to his hope. Certainly it is far below Sir Leslie Stephen's "George Eliot," but Sir Leslie is a biographer and critic of such exceptional training and experience that work far short of his might still be very good. Mr. Paul's impresses me as having some defects. It is not wholly free from that lack of deference with which Anthony Trollope treated Thackeray in another volume of this series. This for one, and for another, there is too little emulation of Sophocles, who "saw life steadily and saw it whole." Mr. Paul does not see Arnold whole or in the large. He sees him for the most part microscopically and disconnectedly. His criticism is a criticism of particular poems, words and phrases. There is little or no attempt to render his general relation to the thought and spirit of his time. A third defect is that which is inherent in Mr. Paul's depreciaton of Arnold's "Literature and Dogma." That he puts his finger on some of the ailing spots in that book is not to be denied. He has little quarrel with Arnold's recommendation of religion without an infallible Bible or miracles. What he objects to is Arnold's objection to a personal God, and still more, or more properly, to Arnold's attempt to make the Old Testament writers responsible for his personal opinion. But Mr. Paul has high praise for Arnold as a critic. It is not too high, yet Arnold's criticism never reached a higher niche than in "Literature and Dogma." He never entertained a more fruitful idea than that which he therein developed, viz., that the contents of the Bible are not dogmatic, but literary and poetic. The idea was not wholly original, but Arnold presented it with exceptional force, with the happiest illustration, and with immense effect on a great many minds.

Arnold's work has elicited opinions of extreme difference and contrariety. We have had some contending that his prose is everything, that his poetry is nothing or a very little thing. We have had others contending for a complete inversion of this judgment. Mr. Paul's contention is not for either of these extremes, but it is for the general superiority of the poetry to the prose, and hereby it seems to me that he allies himself with those critics of Arnold whose judgment is most just. In his union of critical and poetic gifts, he was, we are told, something of an English Goethe, but this is hardly said before it is repented of as giving him too high a place. Nevertheless, the general conclusion is: "His best poetry and his best prose are among the choicest legacies bequeathed by the nineteenth century to the twentieth." There is considerable incidental blame for both his prose and verse. Concerning the former the principal objection is to his repetitions. But Arnold knew pretty well what he was about with his "sweetness and light" and other phrases which so frequently recur in his writings. He wished to make them stick like burrs to people's minds and irritate them into thought. Much of the criticism of particular poems impresses me as purely personal. He likes and dislikes for no apparent reason. But his doubts and hesitations leave the great things secure upon their thrones. He is particularly severe upon such pieces as "Rugby Chapel," where the form is that of short, unrhymed lines. But he might well be tempted to a form that Goethe found sufficient for his "Hartz Mountains" and "Prometheus," and which more recently Coventry Patmore and Henley have used in an impressive manner. There is a good chapter on Arnold's thirty-five years of educational work. It sounds a note of lofty praise: "Of all educational reformers in the last century, not excepting his father, Mr. Arnold was the most enlightened, the most far-sighted, the most fair-minded. Arnold's character and disposition are never mentioned in any other terms than those of generous appreciation. What has been called his "educated insolence" was a literary artifice. In his heart there was only kindness for all human creatures, and there was no discrimination against dumb animals.

J. W. C.

*Matthew Arnold [English Men of Letters]. By Herbert W. Paul. The Macmillan Co., New York; Cloth, 12mo, 188 pp. 75c.

The Strenuous Life.

The appreciative notice by Dr. Thomas in UNITY for August 21, of Professor William James' very notable book on "The Varieties of Religious Experience," will doubtless make many readers of UNITY want to read the book; after they have read it they will want to own it, and to read it many times over. The chief value of the book is, of course, as Dr. Thomas rightly indicates, its bearing on the great and interesting problems of religious thought and experience. Like everything that Dr. James has written, this book has the genuine human ring through all its chapters. It is, as we should expect, thoroughly outspoken and courageous in the treatment of certain aspects and ideals of life and conduct that are only too prevalent in our time; and, to many of its readers, the incidental criticisms and reflections of the author on these questionable ideals will seem not the least valuable and suggestive paragraphs in a pre-eminently suggestive book. There are many such keen and luminous "asides" scattered through these lectures that, if culled out and printed in a separate pamphlet, would make a valuable contribution to the ethical literature of our time. There are many passages in the book that ought to have as wide a circulation and reading as the wonderful chapter on "Habit" in Dr. James' "Psychology," that has been circulated in pamphlet form by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, and that has been read and quoted by teachers and preachers everywhere. Let Dr. James' words on "War" and "The Military Spirit," and his paragraphs on poverty and its uses have as wide a circulation. The words are so timely and so true, and so noble and so brave, and withal so harmonious with the spirit and attitude of "Unity" on the question discussed that I feel sure they will be read with profit and delight by many who may not have the opportunity of reading the noble book from which they are transcribed. The paragraphs are taken from the chapter on "The Value of Saintliness." The aspect of the "saintly life" that appeals most strongly to our sympathy and evokes our admiration, in its most notable illustrations, is the moral heroism which those

lives displayed. "In heroism, we feel, life's supreme mystery is hidden * * * no matter what a man's frailties otherwise may be, if he be willing to risk death, and still more, if he suffer it heroically, in the service he has chosen, the fact consecrates him forever." "Representatively, then, and symbolically, and apart from the vagaries into which the unenlightened intellect of former times may have let it wander, asceticism may, must, I believe, be acknowledged to go with the profounder way of handling the gift of existence." "Naturalistic optimism is mere sylabub and flattery and sponge-cake in comparison. The practical course of action for us as religious men, would therefore, it seems to me, not be simply to turn our backs upon the ascetic impulse, as most of us today turn them, but rather to discover some outlet for it of which the fruits in the way of privation and hardship might be objectively useful." "The older monastic asceticism occupied itself with pathetic futilities, or terminated in the mere egotism of the individual, increasing his own perfection. But is it not possible for us to discard most of these older forms of mortification and yet find saner channels for the heroism which inspired them?" "Does not, for example, the worship of material luxury and wealth, which constitutes so large a portion of the 'spirit' of our age, make somewhat for effeminancy and unmanliness? Is not the exclusively sympathetic and facetious way in which most children are brought up today—so different from the education of a hundred years ago, especially in evangelical circles—in danger, in spite of its many advantages, of developing a certain trashiness of fibre? Are there not hereabouts some points of application for a renovated and revised ascetic discipline?"

Recognizing such dangers in the trend of life today, many advocates of "the strenuous life" think they see a remedy in the discipline of athletics, in militarism, and in individual and national enterprises and adventure. "These contemporary ideas," says Dr. James, "are quite as remarkable for the energy with which they make for heroic standards of life, as contemporary religion is remarkable for the way in which it neglects them." "War and adventure assuredly keep all who engage in them from treating themselves too tenderly. They demand such incredible efforts, depth beyond depth of exertion, both in degree and in duration, that the whole scale of motivation alters." "Discomfort and annoyance, hunger and wet, pain and cold, squalor and filth, cease to have any deterrent operation whatever. Death turns into a commonplace matter, and its usual power to check our action vanishes, with the annulling of these customary inhibitions, ranges of new energy are set free, and life seems cast upon a higher plane of power." "The beauty of war in this respect is that it is so congruous with ordinary human nature. Ancestral evolution has made us all potential warriors; so the most inisgnificant individual, when thrown into an army in the field is weaned from whatever excess of tenderness toward his precious person he may bring with him, and may easily develop into a monster of insensibility." "But when we compare the military type of self-severity with that of the ascetic saint, we find a world of difference in all their spiritual concomitants." Dr. James quotes the words of a "clear-headed Austrian officer" on the characteristics required in the military type. (Perhaps it may throw a side-light upon the autrocities of the allied armies in China, and of our own soldiery in the Philippines.) "Live and let live," writes this officer, "is no device for an army. Contempt for one's own comrades, for the troops of the enemy; above all, fierce contempt for one's own person, are what war demands of every one. Far better is it for an army to be too savage, too cruel, too barbarous, than to possess too much sentimentality and human reasonableness. If the soldier is to be good for anything as a soldier, he must be exactly the opposite of a reasoning and thinking man. The measure of goodness in him is his possible use in war. War, and even peace, require of the soldier absolutely peculiar standards of morality. The recruit brings with him common moral notion of which he must seek immediately to get rid. For him victory, success, must be everything. The most barbaric tendencies in men come to life in war, and for war's uses they are incommensurably good." "These words," says Dr. James, "are literally true. The immediate aim of the soldier's life is, as Moltke said, destruction; and whatever construction wars result in are remote and non-military. Consequently the soldier cannot train himself to be too feelingless to all those usual sympathies and respects, whether for persons or things, that make for conservation." War is, undoubtedly, a universally available school for the cultivation of "the strenuous life." "But when we ask ourselves whether this wholesale organization of irrationality and crime be our only bulwark against effeminacy, we stand aghast at the thought and think more kindly of ascetic religion." "One hears of the mechanical equivalent of heat. What we now need to discover in the social realm is the moral equivalent of war. Something heroic that will speak to men as universally as war does, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual selves as war has proven itself incompatible." "I have often thought that in the old monkish poverty-worship, in spite of the pedantry which infested it, there might be something like that moral equivalent of war which we are seeking." "May not voluntarily accepted poverty be 'the strenuous life,' without the need of crushing weaker peoples?" "Poverty indeed *is* the strenuous life—without brass bands or uniforms or hysteric popular applause or lies or circumlocution; and when one sees the way in which wealth getting enters as an ideal into the bone and marrow of our generation, one wonders whether a revival of the belief that poverty is a worthy religious vocation may not be the transformation of military courage, and the spiritual reform which our time stands most in need of."

"Among the English-speaking peoples especially do the praises of poverty need once more to be boldly sung. We have grown afraid to be poor. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join in the general scramble and pant with the money-making strut, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition." "We have lost the power of even imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant; the liberation from national attachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we are and do, and not by what we have; the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly—the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape." "When we of the so-called better classes are scared, as men were never scared in history, at material ugliness and hardship; when we put off marriage until our house can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank account, and doomed to manual labor, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and irreligious a state of opinion." It is true that so far as wealth gives time for ideal ends and exercises to ideal energies, wealth is better than poverty and ought to be chosen. But wealth does this only in a portion of the actual cases. Elsewhere the desire to gain wealth and the fear to lose it are our chief breeders of cowardice and propagators of corruption. There are thousands of conjunctives in which a wealth-bound man must be a slave, whilst a man for whom poverty has no terror becomes a freeman. Think of the strength which personal indifference to poverty would give us if we were devoted to unpopular

causes. We need no longer hold our tongues or fear to vote the revolutionary or reformatory ticket. Our stocks might fall, our hopes of promotion vanish, our salaries stop, our club doors close in our faces; yet, while we lived, we would imperturbably bear witness to the spirit, and our example would help to set free our generation. The cause would need its friends, but we, its servants, would be potent in proportion as we personally were content with our poverty. I recommend this matter to your serious pondering, for it is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers." W. H. RAMSAY.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Neither failure nor loss can befall,
When we rest in the Infinite Care.

MON.—Trials turn to blessing, peace blooms out of pain,
Love is one with universal Right.

TUES.—What harm can ever come
To us, who know Thy love can have no end?

WED.—God help us mothers all to live aright,
And let our homes all truth and love enfold.

THURS.—Ah, friend—these happy days are none too long
For all the loving duties that they hold.

FRI.—What store of wisdom and of wit combined
We need to point a moral new or old.

SAT.— * * Life no loftier aims can hold
Than leading little children to the light.
—*Emma Endicott Marean.*

A Cheerful Giver.

Two little boys dropped in from play
At their grandmother's house, one winter day,
Smiled at the apples that grandmother brought them,
And spoke their thanks, as their mother had taught them;
But little Will glanced at his apple, dear lad,
And saw that it was finer than that Dan had,
So quick as a wink, he turned to his brother,
With, "Take this one, Danny, and I'll take the other."

"All right," said Dan, and away the boys went,
Each one with his treasure well content,
While, with never a thought of regret or pride,
Unconscious quite and satisfied,
Will buried his teeth in the coarser skin,
Happy and warm his soul within,
Enjoying Dan's apple, the kind little elf!
Because Dan had it and not himself.

Ah, laddie, would we were all like you,
Loving and generous through and through;
Not waiting to measure how much we can spare
When called to add to our brother's share,
Not pleased with ourselves or with our giving,
Nor taking delight in our own good living,
But, aglow with the love of our neighbor, find
Our joy in the joy of all mankind.
—*The Outlook.*

A Small Life.

Margery was spending a week with her grandmother in the country, and had enjoyed country life as only a city-bred child could, as long as the weather was bright; but it had now rained for two days, keeping her indoors, and she stood at the window looking out on the wet lawn disconsolately.

There was a tank down in the pasture which held three feet of water; its brim was on a level with the ground, and Faust, the bird dog, was looking down into it. Wondering what he could see to bark at in such a place, Margery put on her hat and went down to the tank, peering anxiously over the edge, while Faust became more and more excited. At first she could see nothing; then, looking closer, what do you think she saw? Swollen by the rains, the water was high, but floating placidly upon a bit of plank was a tiny, rain-drenched mouse, with very bright black eyes, and a very chilled expression indeed. Margery imagined she was sent to rescue him, just as people in books are sent to rescue shipwrecked heroes and heroines, and she did not have the heart to leave him to his fate after the terrors which she was sure he had experienced during the night. There was the tiny hero, and there was the deep sea tossing his raft about; so she got a dipper, tied it to a pole and lowered it to the rescue. Would you believe it, he seemed to understand and welcome the help offered? He stood on his hind legs and climbed into the dipper almost before it touched the water, and did not attempt to jump out when Margery brought him to land. He did not even seem aware of her presence, for he was extremely busy rubbing his wet jaws with his tiny paws and shaking his wet fur. When Faust was not looking she turned him loose in some dry straw and let him finish his toilet at home.—*The Outlook.*

Which was Right?

There lived in Germany a little girl named Else. She had many brothers, and with one of them she used to play from morning to night.

There was one field of grain in which the children took a great interest. They watched its growth carefully, but, in spite of them, the sparrows would eat the seed.

"I am going to stay here all day in the field to frighten away the birds," said Else.

"I can do better," said William; "I shall make a scarecrow, and then we shall keep the birds away with no trouble to ourselves."

"My way is best," Else said. "My way is best," said her brother, stubbornly.

Else got a rattle and settled herself in the shade of some trees on the edge of the field. She rattled vigorously for a long time, and no bird dared come near. Then the warm air made her drowsy, and before she knew it she was fast asleep. What a fine feast the sparrows had then, to be sure!

William laughed at Else's efforts, and made his scarecrow. It was a terrible-looking creature.

"I'd like to see any bird dare come near that," he said proudly. "Now we may play in peace."

Other things filled the children's minds, and it was a week before they went again to the field. There stood the fierce old scarecrow keeping guard, and—what do you think? A sparrow had built its nest in his coat pocket!—*The Outlook.*

Home.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two spirits in one fair,
Firm league of love and prayer.
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch,
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win,
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.
—*Dora Greenwell.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Golden Rod.

A flash of sunlight in the lane,
A trail of splendor by the way,
A guide through dusty labyrinths
That lead tne stranger all astray.
A wave of heat rolls o'er the land,
And seen afar through shining mist,
Like dreams that form to fade again,
Soft sweeping hills of amethyst.

On rocky ramparts weird and wild
That frown above the summer seas,
Thy royal ensign boldly stands
And flaunts defiance to the breeze.
What ocean reaches vast and strange,
What visions rare of cloud and sky,
The white sails lean unto the wind,
The breakers plunge, the sea-mews cry.

—*Exchange.*

Foreign Notes.

THE FRIDAY PAY-DAY.—One of the demands of labor, and a steadily growing reform closely connected with the problem of Sunday rest, is the change to Friday as the weekly pay-day. The city of Geneva, Switzerland, has already adopted that day for the payment of all its employes, and the reform is spreading among private corporations and employers of labor. The decision of important banking houses to close at 3 p. m. on Saturday gives incidental but no less welcome aid to the cause. The *Bulletin de Commerce* publishes a complaint that this closing of the banks is very inconvenient for large employers of labor who have many hands to pay on Saturday. So much the better, retorts a correspondent of *Le Signal*, let them pay their employes on Friday instead of Saturday, then housekeepers will not be obliged to forego all the Saturday bargains, and, in addition, be forced in many cases to make their purchases on Sunday. Some employers, it seems, in the grocery business and others, are so inconsiderate that they do not pay their clerks until Sunday morning, or even midday. It will be seen, therefore, that the early closing of the banks is not merely a step in the direction of a general Saturday half-holiday, but may prove an important factor in establishing another most desirable reform for the benefit of the working classes.

LABOR CONDITIONS IN AUSTRALIA.—Prof. A. Metin, a delegate sent by the French government to Australia, sends these interesting notes to *Le Signal de Genève:*

For half a century now the anniversary of the introduction of the eight-hour day has been celebrated in Melbourne. There is an immense procession, in which the great political lights do not hesitate to take part, and the popular festivity closes with a big banquet. The working day is in some cases more than eight hours, but the Australian laborer never works more than from forty-eight to fifty-two hours a week, for he rests not merely on Sunday, but half of Saturday. Saturday afternoon is devoted to popular entertainments and to the purchase of supplies, it being well known that everything will be closed on Sunday. Adult workers have a day and a half of rest weekly, and if in some cases they are required to work on Sunday they have to be paid one and a half times the ordinary rate.

The government has the right to stop at noon on Sunday all house delivery of milk, bread or other supplies.

Stores are generally open till 10 o'clock Saturday evening, but merchants must give their clerks some other afternoon off beside Sunday. What the afternoon shall be is determined by a majority vote of the retail merchants in each locality. Wednesday is the one generally adopted both here and in New Zealand.

Servants have their evenings and Sunday afternoon free. The Sunday evening meal invariably consists of cold meat and tea, because cooks and maids are off duty. In New Zealand servants have also one free afternoon during the week.

The work of labor inspectors is facilitated by the fact that everybody avails himself of his rights as a citizen and does not hesitate to write to the newspapers calling attention to any abuses. Societies, even, have been organized to second the inspectors. Such a one is the Anti-Sweating League, which receives complaints and follows them up if need be. Its president is a clergyman.

The regulation of men's work is almost entirely customary; that is, obtained by agreements made between unions and employers, the earliest of which date back half a century. On the other hand, everything relating to the labor of women and children is the result of recent laws obtained by the political action of working men's parties.

Contrary to our ideas (it is a Frenchman who is speaking), it is thought to be for the best interest of the nation that its workers should have all possible rest and leisure to develop morally, physically and intellectually.

Apropos of state intervention to diminish alcoholism, steps have been taken in several Australian colonies not to increase the number of saloons, and to close early every day and especially all day on Sunday those which do exist. Temperance workers have formed a political party, particularly strong in New Zealand, which has succeeded in procuring the passage of a local option measure.

CHILD-LABOR IN THE SILK INDUSTRY IN ITALY.—A law regulating the labor of women and children is under discussion in Italy. Learning that there was talk of raising the age at which children might be employed in industrial establishments to 12 years, the association of the silk industry in Milan entered a protest and carried on an investigation in 646 factories belonging to its members from which it appears that of the 93,612 persons employed in them 21,147, or 2.26 per cent, are from 9-10 years of age; 8,176, or 8.74 per cent, from 10-12 years; 18,525, or 19.79 per cent, from 12-15 years; 30,490, or 32.58 per cent, 15-21 years and 34,274, or 36.63 per cent, over 21 years.

From these statistics which include less than half of the working population as given in the official census (172,000), it appears that almost two-thirds of the actual workers in the silk industry, 63.37 per cent, are less than 22 years of age, and that the greater part of this industrial army (62.37 per cent) is recruited among young boys and girls between the ages of 12 and 21.

The association submits these figures to the Italian parliament, drawing from them the following conclusions: 1. That raising the age limit would diminish the well-being of the rural classes by depriving them of the wages of their children. 2. That it would result in the decadence of the silk industry for want of workers. 3. That it would increase emigration.

These are old arguments that have been brought forward wherever and whenever the attempt has been made to regulate child-labor. Switzerland is now one of the model countries in this matter of the protection of its children, while our own Southern states, on the contrary, are said to be among the worst offenders in this domain. Soon or late the fallacy and short-sightedness of such reasoning as the Italian silk manufacturers' must appear in any thoughtful, civilized and observant community since only the assuring of a healthy, normal childhood can secure the perpetuity of a strong and vigorous race.

M. E. H.

Common Sense.

She came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair, without pretense,
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather;

And, when they sneered, she simply said:
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long, and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious;
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said: "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And Common Sense should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

—*J. T. Fields.*

The Barber of Butte and His Fee.

Literal-minded people are inclined to find fault with a story which they suspect isn't true. But the real test of a good anecdote is whether it's so good that it ought to be true, even though it probably isn't. Such a story is being told of Senator Clark, his son, and a certain barber of Butte.

The son, so the story runs, being in need of a hair cut, started out in search of a barber. By some lucky chance he fell into the hands of a Tonsorial Artist—one who understood the poetry of the shears and used the Delsarte movements in shampooing. So pleased was he with the result that thereafter no other barber's "next," no matter how pleadingly or wooingly voiced, could lure him to the chair.

Meanwhile, his father's hair had grown to the cutting point, and he, too, sought out the treasure and submitted his head to the shears. The barber knew his man and made the most of his opportunity. But finally the last snip had been taken; the "Bay rum or tonic, sir?" question had been answered; the "part," under the artist's manipulations, had become a line of beauty; and the Senator stood forth redolent of bay rum and satisfaction.

"How much?" he asked.

"Your son gives me five dollars," the barber insinuated.

"But what's the regular price?" persisted the Man of Copper and Gold.

The barber hesitated. He had not thought to mention vulgar little fractions to a man whose unit of measurement was a million. "Fifty cents, sir," he finally replied, in a tone of gentle reproof.

"Here you are," the Senator returned briskly, handing him a new half dollar. "I haven't got a rich father."

A page might be written about this little story, but the Senator said it all in that last sentence.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Marjory Confesses.

I suspected my brother Bobbie of a perfectly dreadful thing the other day, and I've been sorry ever since. It wasn't true at all, and I'm not going to suspect people any more until I'm sure it's true. This is the way it happened.

Mama gave Bobbie and me a panful of hickory-nuts. She never divides them up for us, for Bobbie is just as generous as he can be, and I hope I'm not a greedy girl myself. So we sat down, and were picking them out and eating them. I like hickory-nuts a great deal, and so does Bobbie; in fact, we just love them.

When we had just begun mama called, "Marjory, come here, and let me comb your hair."

Of course, I had to go right away. It takes a long time to brush and curl my hair, and I thought Bobbie would set the hickory-nuts aside, and wait till I came back; but he didn't. I was just in the next room, and I could see through the door. There he sat, picking them out as fast as he could, and he seemed to be looking through the pan for the best ones. I couldn't hardly believe it, even if I did see it myself. I felt bad because I wasn't going to have any nuts, but I felt ten times worse to think that my brother Bobbie would be so mean.

When mother had my hair all curled, I walked in very slow. I wasn't going to say a word to him about it; I was going to leave it to his own conscience. Mother does that way sometimes, and it makes me feel a great deal worse than anything else.

Then Bobbie said: "Look here, Marjie. I picked these all out for you." And there he had them laid on a paper,—a whole lot of nice meats!

I felt so glad and so ashamed that I pretty nearly cried; but I didn't. I said, "Let's have a little tea-party with them."

Bobbie said, "All right." So I got out my tea set, and arranged the table. I managed to give Bobbie more than half, and he's so young he never noticed. I didn't feel as if I deserved any at all. We had a nice time, and I tried to entertain Bobbie the very best I knew how.

Of course, I told mother all about it that night before I went to bed. She said it must be a warning to me not to think evil. Then she read me that chapter in the Bible about "love thinketh no evil." She said I needn't tell Bobbie about it as long as I hadn't said anything rude to him, for the naughty feeling was in my own heart, where no one knew about it but God and me. So when I said my prayers I said I was sorry, and I don't believe I'll do it again.

ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

Akron, Ohio.

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